

The Synagogue:  
OR THE  
SHADOW  
OF THE  
TEMPLE.  
SACRED POEMS,  
AND  
Private Ejaculations.

---

In Imitation of  
Mr. George Herbert.

---

Plin. Sec. lib. i. Ep. 5.

*Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non  
optima queque proponere.*

I do esteem't a folly not the least

To imitate examples not the best.

---

*The Sixth Edition, Corrected and Enlarged.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for Robert Stephens, at the Kings-Arms  
in Chancery - Lane, 1673.

The Epitaph

OF THE



OF THE

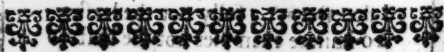
TEMPLE

To the Author.

**H**E that doth imitate must comprehend ;  
Keyse, Matter, Order, Titles, Spixie, Wit ;  
For these also our Church Poet doth intend,  
And he who hath his imitation writ.

O glory of the time ! best English Singer,  
Happy both he the Hand and thou the Finger.

R. Langford of Grays-Inn ;  
Counsellour of Law.



The Author's Name

Printed for R. Langford at the Sign of the Hand and Finger in Grays-Inn



## Subterliminare.

**D**ic, cujus Templum? Christi. Quis condidit? Ede.  
 Condidit Herbertus. Dic, quibus auxiliis?  
 auxiliis multis: quibus, haud mihi dicere fas est.

Tanta est ex dictis lis oriunda meis.

Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia; protinus obstat

Ingenium, dicens, cuncta fuisse sua.

Ars negat, & nihil est non nostrum dicit in illo;

Nec facile est litem composuisse mihi.

Divide: Materiam des gratia, materiaque

Ingenium cultus induat, arsque modos.

Non: ne displiceat pariter res omnibus ista,

Nec sortita velint jura vocare sua.

Nempe pari sibi jure petunt, cultusque, modosque,

Materiamque, ars, & gratia, & ingenium.

Ergo, velit si quis dubitantem tollere elenchum,

De Templo Herberti ratio dicta dabit.

In Templo Herbertus condendo est gratia totus,

Ars pariter totus, totus & ingenium.

Cedite Romane, Graiæ quoque cedite Muse;

Unum par cunctis Anglia jactat opus.

*A stepping-stone to the threshold of  
Mr. Herberts Church-Porch.*

**W**Hat Church is this? Christs Church. Who built  
Mr. George Herbert. Who assisted it? (ded it?)  
Many assisted: who I may not say,  
So much contention might arise that way.  
If I say Grace gave all, Wit straight doth thwart,  
And says, All that is there is mine: but Art  
Denies, and says, There's nothing there but's mine:  
Nor can I easily the right define.  
Divide: say, Grace the matter gave, and Wit  
Did polish it: Art measur'd, and made fit  
Each sev'ral piece, and fram'd it altogether.  
Nay, by no means: this may not please them neither.  
None's well contented with a part alone  
When each doth challenge all to be his own.  
The matter, the expressions, and the measures,  
Are equally Arts, Wits, and Graces treasures.  
Then he, that would impartially discuss  
this doubtful question, must answer thus:  
In building of his Temple, Master Herbert  
Is equally all Grace, all Wit, all Art.

*Roman and Grecian Muses all give way:*

*One English Poem darkens all your day.*

The



The Dedication.

**L**ord, my first fruits should have been sent to thee :  
For thou the tree  
That bare them, only lentest unto me.

But, while I had the use, the fruit was mine :  
Not so divine ,  
As that I dare presume to call it thine.

Before 'twas ripe, it fell unto the ground :  
And since I found  
It bruised in the dirt, nor clean, nor sound.

Some I have pick'd, and wip'd, and bring thee now ;  
Lord, thou know'st how  
Gladly I would, but dare not it ayow.

Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the best ;  
Accept the rest.  
Thy pardon and acceptance maketh blest.

## The Church-yard.

**T**Hou, that intendest to the Church to day;  
 Come take a turn or two, before thou go'st,  
 In the Church-yard; the walk is in the way.  
 Who takes best heed in going, hasteeth most;  
 But he that unprepared rashly ventures,  
 Hastens perhaps to seal his deaths indentures.

## The Church stile.

**S**ee'st thou that stile? Observe then how it rises,  
 Step after step, and equally descends;  
 Such is the way to win Celestial prizes:  
 Humility the course begins and ends.  
 Would'st thou in grace to high perfections grow?  
 Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low.

Humble thy self, and God will lift thee up:  
 Those that exalt themselves he casteth down:  
 The hungry he invites with him to sup,  
 And cloaths the naked with his robe and crown.  
 Think not thou hast, what thou from him would'st  
 His labour's lost, if thou thy self can'st save. (have :

Pride is the prodigality of grace;  
 Which casteth all away by griping all:  
 Humility is thrift, both keeps his place,  
 And gains by giving, riseth by its fall.  
 To get by giving, and to lose by keeping  
 Is to be sad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

The

## THE SYNAGOGUE.

### The Church-gate.

**N**Ext to the stile, see where the gate doth stand,  
Which turning upon books and hinges may  
Eas'ly be shut, or open'd with an hand:  
Yet constant to its centre still doth stay,  
And fetching a wide compass round about,  
Keeps the same course, and distance, never out.

Such must the course be that to Heaven tends;  
He that the gates of righteousness would enter,  
Must still continue constant to his ends,  
And fix himself in God, as in his centre.

Cleave close to him by faith, then move which way  
Discretion leads thee, and thou shalt not stray.

We never wander, till we loose our hold  
Of him that is our way, our light, our guide:  
But, when we grow of our own strength too bold,  
Unhook'd from him, we quickly turn aside.  
He holds us up, whilst in him we are found:  
If once we fall from him we go to ground.

---

### The Church-walls.

**N**ow view the walls the Church is compass'd  
As much for safety, as for ornament: (round,  
'Tis an inclosure, and no common ground:  
'Tis Gods free-hold, and but our tenement.  
Tenants at will, and yet in tail, we be:  
Our children have the same right to't as we,

Remember there must be no gaps left ope,  
Where God hath fence'd, for fear of false illusions.

God will have all, or none : Allows no scope  
 For sins inroachments, or mens own intrusions.  
 Close binding locks his Laws together fast :  
 He that plucks out the first, pulls down the last.

Either resolve for all or else for none :  
 Obedience universal he doth claim.  
 Either be wholly his, or all thine own :  
 At what thou can'st not reach, at least take aim:  
 He that of purpose looks beside the mark,  
 Might as well hood-wink'd shoot, or in the dark.

### The Church:

**L**astly, consider where the Church doth stand;  
 As near unto the middle as may be :  
 God in his service chiefly doth command,  
 Above all other things sincerity.  
 Lines drawn from side to side within a round,  
 Not meeting in the centre, short are found.

Religion must not side with any thing  
 That swerves from God, or else withdraws from him ;  
 He that a welcome sacrifice would bring,  
 Must fetch it from the bottom, not the brim.

A sacred Temple of the Holy Ghost,  
 Each part of man must be, but his heart most.

Hypocrisie in Church is Alchimy ;  
 That casts a golden tincture upon brass :  
 There is no essence in it : 'tis a lye,  
 Though fairly stamp't for truth it often pass :  
 Only the spirits *agua regia* doth  
 Discover it to be but painted froth.

The

## The Church-Porch.

**N**OW, e're thou passest further, sit thee down  
In the Church-porch, and think what thou hast  
Let due consideration either crown, (seem;  
Or crush, thy former purposes. Between  
Rash undertakings, and firm resolutions,  
Depends the strength, or weakness, of conclusions.

Trace thy steps backward in thy memory :  
And first resolve of, what thou heardest last,  
Sincerity ; it blots the history  
Of all religious actions, and doth blast  
The comfort of them, when in them God sees ;  
Nothing but out-fides of formalities.

In earnest be religious, trifle not :  
And rather for Gods sake, than for thine own :  
Thou hast rob'd him, unless that he have got,  
By giving, if his glory be not grown  
Together with thy good : who seekest more  
Himself than God, would make his roof his floor.

Next to sincerity, remember still,  
Thou must resolve upon Integrity.  
God will have all thou hast, thy mind, thy will ;  
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works. A nullity  
It proves, when God, that should have all, doth find,  
That there is any one thing left behind.

And having giv'n him all, thou must receive  
All that he gives. Mete his Commandment :  
Resolve that thine obedience must not leave,  
Until it reach unto the same extent.

## 10 THE SYNAGOGUE.

For all his precepts are of equal strength,  
And measure thy performance to the length :

Then call to mind that constancy must knit  
Thine undertakings, and thine actions fast:  
He that sets forth tow'rd's Heaven, and doth fit  
Down by the way, will be found short at last.

Be constant to the end; and thou shalt have  
An heavenly garland, though an earthly grave.

But he that would be constant, must not take  
Religion up by fits, and starts alone;  
But his continual practice must it make;  
His course must be from end to end but one.

Bones often broken, and knit up again;  
Lose of their length, though in their strength thy

Last'y, remember that Humility  
Must solidate, and keep all close together.  
What pride puffs up with vain futility,  
Lyes open, and expos'd to all ill weather.

An empty bubble may fair colour carry;  
But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate  
Others worth, but deal indifferently:  
View the defects of thy spiritual state,  
And others graces, with impartial eye.

The more thou deemest of thy self, the less  
Esteem of thee will all men else express.

Contract thy lesson now, and this is just  
The sum of all. He that desires to see  
The face of God, in his Religion must  
Sincere, entire, constant, and humble be.

If thus resolved; fear not to proceed: (Speed,  
Else the more haste thou mak'st, the worse thou'st  
Church.

## THE SYNAGOGUE. 21

### Church-Utensils.

**B**ETWIXT two dangerous rocks, Profaneness on  
Th' one side, on the other superstition,  
How shall I sail secure?  
Lord, be my steer-maid, hold my helm,  
And then though winds with waves o'erwhelm,  
My sails, I will endure  
It patiently. The bottom of the Sea  
Is safe enough, if thou direct the way.

I'll tug my tacklings then, I'll ply mine oars,  
And cry, a fig for fear. He that adores  
The giddy multitude  
So much, as to despise my rhymes;  
Because they tune not to the times;  
I wish may not intrude  
His presence here. But they (and that's enough)  
Who love Gods house, will like his household-stuff.

---

### The Font.

**T**He Font, I say. Why not? And why not near  
To the Church door? Why not of Stone?  
Is not that blessed Fountain open'd here,  
From whence that water flows alone,  
Which from sin and uncleanness washeth clear?  
And may not beggars well contented be  
Their first alms at the door to take;  
Though, when acquainted better they may see  
Others within that bolder make,  
Low places will serve guests of low degree.

What?

What? Is he not the rock, out of whose side  
 Those streams of water-blood run forth?  
 Th' elect and precious corner-stone well try'd?  
 Though the odds be great between their worth  
 Rock-water and stone vessels are ally'd.

But call it what, and place it where you will:  
 Let it be made indifferently  
 Of any form, or matter, yet, until  
 The blessed Sacrament thereby  
 Impaired be, my hopes you shall not kill.

To want a complement of comeliness  
 Some of my comfort may abate,  
 And for the present make my joy go less:  
 Yet I will hug mine homely state,  
 And poverty with patience richly dress.

Regeneration is all in all,  
 Washing, or sprinkling, but the sign,  
 The seal, and instrument thereof; I call  
 The one, as well as th' other mine,  
 And my posterity's as federal.

If temporal estates may be convey'd,  
 By cov'nants on condition,  
 To men, and to their heirs, be not afraid,  
 My soul, to rest upon  
 The Covenant of Grace by mercy made.

Do but thy duty, and rely upon't,  
 Repentance, faith, obedience;  
 When ever practis'd, truly will amount  
 To an authentick evidence,  
 Though th' deed were antedated at the Fount.



The reading Pue.

**H**ere my new enter'd soul doth first break fast,  
Here seasoneth her infant tast,  
And at her mother-nurse the Churches dugs,  
With lab'ring lips and tongue she tugs  
For that sincere milk, which alone doth feed  
Babes new born of immortal seed:  
Who, that they may unto perfection grow,  
Must be content to creep before they go.

They, that would reading out of Church exclude,  
Sure have a purpose to obtrude  
Some dictates of their own, instead of Gods,  
Revealed Will, his Word. 'Tis odds,  
They do not mean to pay men currant coyn,  
Who seek the standard to perloyn,  
And would reduce all tryals to their own,  
Both touch-stones, ballances, and weights, alone.

What reasonable man would not misdoubt  
Those Comments, that the text leave out?  
And that their main intent is alteration,  
Who doat so much on variation,  
That no set form at all they can endure  
To be prescrib'd, or put in ure?  
Rejecting bounds and limits is the way,  
If not all wast, yet common all to lay.

But, why should he, that thinks himself well grown;  
Be discontent that such a one  
As knows himself an infant yet, should be  
Dandled upon his mothers knee,  
And babe-like fed with milk? till he have got  
More strength and stomach? Why should not  
Nurslings

Nurslings in Church, as well as weanlings, find  
Their food fit for them in their proper kind ?

Let them that would build castles in the air,

Vault thither, without step or stair ;  
Instead of feet to climb, take wings to fly ;

And think their turrets top the sky,

But let me lay all my foundations deep,

And learn before I run, to creep

Who digs through Rocks to lay his ground-works low,  
May in good time build high, and sure, though slow.

To take degrees, *per saltum*, though of quick

Dispatch, is but a truant's trick.

Let us learn first to know our letters well,

Then syllables, then words to spell ;

Then to read plainly, e're we take the pen

In hand to write to other men.

I doubt their preaching is not always true,

Whose way to th' Pulpit's not the reading-Pue.

### The Book of Common-Prayer.

**W**hat Pray'r by th' Book ? And Common ?  
Yes. Why not ?

The spirit of grace,

And supplication,

Is not left free alone

For time and place,

But manner too. To read, or speak by rote,

Is all alike to him, that prays

With his heart, thar with his mouth he says !

They that in private by themselves alone,

Do pray, may take

What liberty they please

In choosing of the ways,

Where

# THE SYNAGOGUE.

23

Wherein to make  
 Their souls most intimate affections known  
 To him that sees in secret, when  
 Th'are most conceal'd from other men.  
 But, he that unto others leads the way  
 In publick pray'r  
 Should choose to do it so,  
 As all, that hear, may know  
 They need not fear  
 To turn their hearts unto his tongue, and say,  
 Amen; nor doubt they were betray'd  
 To blaspheme, when they should have pray'd.  
 Devotion will add life unto the letter.  
 And why should not  
 That, which Authority  
 Prescribes, esteemed be  
 Advantage got?  
 If th' Pray'r be good, the commoner, the better.  
 Pray'r in the Churches words, as well  
 As sense, of all pray'rs bears the bell.

## The Bible.

**T**he Bible? That's the Book. The Book indeed,  
 The Book of Books,  
 On which who looks,  
 As he should do aright, shall never need  
 Wish for a better light  
 To guide him in the night:  
 Or, when he hungry is, for better food  
 To feed upon,  
 Than this alone,  
 If he bring stomach and digestion good.

And

And if he be amiss,  
This the best Physick is.

The true Panchreston 'tis for ev'ry sore,  
And sickness, which  
The poor and rich,  
With equal ease may come by. Yea, 'tis more;  
An antidote, as well  
As remedy 'gainst Hell.

'Tis Heaven in perspective, and the bliss  
Of glory here,  
If any where,  
By Saints on Earth anticipated is,  
Whilst faith to ev'ry word  
A being doth afford.

It is the Looking-glass of souls, wherein  
All men may see,  
Whether they be  
Still, as by nature th'are, deform'd with sin;  
Or in a better case,  
As new adorn'd with grace.

'Tis the great Magazine of spir'tual arms,  
Wherein doth lye  
Th' artillerie  
Of Heaven, ready charg'd against all harms;  
That might come by the blows  
Of our infernal foes.

Gods Cabinet of reveal'd counsel 'tis;  
Where weal and woe  
Are order'd so,  
That every man may know which shall be his;  
Unless his own mistake  
False application make.

It is the Index to Eternity.

He cannot miss  
Of endless bliss  
That takes this chart to steer his voyage by,  
Nor can he be mistook,  
That speaketh by this Book.

A Book, to which no Book can be compar'd  
For excellence:  
Preeminence  
Is proper to it, and cannot be shar'd.  
Divinity alone  
Belongs to it, or none.

It is the Book of God. What if I should  
Say, God of Books?  
Let him that looks  
Angry at that expression, as too bold,  
His thoughts in silence smother;  
Till he find such another.

---

### The Pulpit.

**T** Is dinner time: and now I look  
For a full meal. God send me a good Cook:  
This is the dresser-board, and here  
I wait in expectation of good cheer.  
I'm sure the Master of the house  
Enough to entertain his guests allows:  
And not enough of some one sort alone,  
But choice of what best fitteth ev'ry one.

God grant me taste and stomach good:  
My feeding will diversifie my food,  
\*Tis a good appetite to eat,  
And good digestion, that makes good meat.

The

18 THE SYNAGOGUE.

The best food in it self will be,  
Not fed on well, poyson, not food, to me.  
Let him that speaks look to his words; my ear  
Must careful be, both what and how I hear.

'Tis *Manna* that I look for here,  
The bread of Heaven, Angels food. I fear  
No want of plenty, where I know  
The loaves by eating more, and greater, grow:  
Where nothing but forbearance makes  
A famine: where he only wants, that takes  
Not what he will: provided that he would  
Take nothing to himself, but what he should.

Here the same fountain poureth forth  
Water, Wine, Milk, Oyl, Honey, and the worth  
Of all transcendent, infinite  
In excellence, and to each appetite  
In fitness answerable; so,  
That none needs hence unsatisfied go;  
Whose stomach serves him unto any thing,  
That health, strength, comfort, or content can bring.

Yea, dead men here invited are  
Unto the bread of life, and whilst they spare  
To come and take it, they must blame  
Themselves, if they continue still the same.

The body's fed by food, which it  
Assimilates, and to itself doth fit:  
But, that the soul may feed, it self must be  
Transformed to the world, with it agree.

To milk the strongest men must be  
As new born babes, when ever they it see,  
Desiring, not despising it.  
For strong meat babes must stay, and strive to fit  
Themselves in time, until they can

Get

## THE SYNAGOGUE. 19

Get by degrees (which best beſeem a man)  
Experience-exerciſed ſenſes, able  
Good to diſcern from evil, truth from fable.

Here I will wait then ; till I ſee  
The ſteward reaching out a meſs for me,  
Reſolve I'll take it thankfully,  
What e're it be, and feed on't heartily.

Although no *Benjamin's* choice meſs,  
Five times as much as others, but far leſs ;  
Yea, if't be but a basket full of crumbs,  
Ple bleſs the hand, from which, by which, it comes.

Like an invited gueſt, I will  
Be bold, but mannerly withal, ſit ſtill  
And ſee what the maſter of the feaſt  
Will carve unto me, and account that beſt,  
Which he doth chooſe for me, not I  
My ſelf deſire : Yea, though I ſhould eſpy  
Some fault in th' dreſſing, in the diſhing, or  
The placing, yet I will not it abhor.

So that the meat be whoſom, though  
The ſauce ſhall be toothſome, I'll not go

Empty away, and ſtarve my ſoul,  
To feed my fooliſh fancy ; but controul

My appetite to dainty things,  
Which oft inſtead of ſtrength diſeaſes brings ;  
But, if my Pulpit-hopes ſhall all prove vain,  
I'll back unto the reading Puc again.

### The Communion Table.

**H**ere ſtands my banquet ready, the laſt courſe ;  
And beſt proviſion,  
That I muſt feed upon,  
Till death my ſoul and body ſhall divorce,

An

And that I am  
Call'd to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Some call't the Altar, some the holy Table.  
The name I stick not at ;  
Whether't be this, or that ,  
I care not much, so that I may be able  
Truly to know  
Both why it is, and may be called so.

And for the matter whereof it was made ,  
The matter is not much ,  
Although it be of such ,  
Or wood, or metal, what will last, or fade ;  
So vanity ,  
And superstition avoided be.

Nor would it trouble me to see it found  
Of any fashion ,  
That can be thought upon ;  
Square, oval, many-angled, long, or round ;  
If close it be ,  
Fixt, open, moveable, all's one to me.

And yet ; methinks, at a Communion  
In uniformity  
There's greatest decency ,  
And that which maketh most for union :  
But needlessly  
To vary, tends to th' breach of charity.

Yet, rather than I'll give, I will not take  
Offence, if it be given ,  
So that I be not driven  
To thwart authority, a party make  
For faction ,  
Or side, but seemingly, in th' action.



# THE SYNAGOGUE. 21

At a Communion I wish I might  
 Have no cause to suspect  
 Any, the least, defect  
 Of unity and peace, either in sight  
 Apparently,  
 Or in mens hearts concealed secretly.  
 That, which ordained is to make men one,  
 More than before they were,  
 Should not it self appear,  
 Though but appear, distinctly divers. None  
 Too much can see  
 Of what, when most, yet but enough can be.  
 If others will dissent, and vary, who  
 Can help it? If I may  
 As hath been done alway,  
 By th<sup>e</sup> best, and most; I will my self do so,  
 Of one accord  
 The servants should be of one God, one Lord.

## Communion Plate.

**N**Ever was gold, or silver, graced thus  
 Before.  
 To bring this body, and this blood, to us,  
 Is more  
 Then to crown Kings,  
 Or be made rings,  
 For star-like diamonds to glitter in.  
 No precious stones are meet to match this bread  
 Divine.  
 Spirits of pearls dissolved would but dead  
 This wine  
 This heav'nly food  
 Is too too good  
 To be compar'd to any earthly thing.

For

For such inestimable treasure can  
There be  
Vessels too costly made by any man ;  
Sure he  
That knows the meat  
So good to eat ,  
Would wish to see it richly served in.

Although 'tis true, that sanctity's not ty'd  
To state,  
Yet sure Religion should not be envy'd  
The fate  
Of meaner worth,  
To be set forth,  
As best becomes the service of a King.

A King unto whose cross all Kings must wait  
 Their crowns,  
 And at his beck in their full course strike sail:  
 Whose frowns,  
 And smiles give date  
 Unto their fate,  
 And doom them, either unto weal, or woe.

A King, whose will is justice : and whose word  
Is pow'r ,  
And wisdom both. A King, whom to afford  
An hour  
Of service truly  
Perform'd, and duly,  
Is to speak eternity of bliss.

When such a King offers to come to me ;  
As food ,  
Shall I suppose his carriages can be  
Too good ?

No : Stars to gold ?  
Turn'd, never could  
Be rich enough to be employed so.

If I might wish then, I would have this bread,  
This wine,  
Vessell'd in what the Sun might blush to shed  
His shine,  
When he should see :  
But, till that be,  
He rest contented with it, as is is.

### Church-Officers.

Say. Officers in Church ? Take heed : it is  
A tender matter to be touch'd.  
If I chance to say any thing amiss,  
Which is not fit to be avouch'd,  
I must expect whole swarms of wasps to sting me,  
Few, or no bees, honey, or wax, to bring me.

Some would have none in Church do any thing,  
As Officers, but gifted men :  
Others into the number more would bring,  
Then I see warrant for : So then,  
All that I say, 'tis like, will censur'd be,  
Through prejudice, or partiality.

But 'tis no matter : If men censure me,  
They but my fellow servants are :  
Our Lord allows us all like liberty.  
I write mine own thoughts to declare,  
Not to please men : and, if I displease any,  
I will not care, so they be of the Many.

The

## The Sexton.

**T**He Churches key-keeper opens the door,  
 And shuts it, sweeps the floor,  
 Rings bells, diggs graves, and fills them up again:  
 All Emblems unto men,  
 Openly owning Christianity,  
 To mark and learn many good lessons by.

O thou that hast the key of *David*, who  
 Open'st and shuttest so,  
 That none can shut or open after thee!  
 Vouchsafe thy self to be  
 Our souls door-keeper, by thy blessed spirit:  
 The lock and key's thy mercy, not our merit.

Cleanse thou our sin-soyl'd souls from th' dirt and dust  
 Of every noysom lust,  
 Brought in by the foul feet of our affections;  
 The beesome of afflictions,  
 With th' blessing of thy spirit added to it,  
 If thou be pleas'd to say it shall, will do it.

Lord, ringing changes all our bells hath marr'd,  
 Jangled they have, and jar'd  
 So long, they're out of tune, and out of frame,  
 They seem not now the same.  
 Put them in frame anew, and once begin  
 To tune them so, that they may chime all in.

Let all our sins be bury'd in thy grave,  
 No longer rant and rave,  
 As they have done, to our eternal shame,  
 And the scandal of thy name.  
 Let's as door-keepers in thine house attend,  
 Rather than the throne of wickedness ascend.

The

## The Clerk.

**T**He Churches Bible-Clerk attends  
 Her Utensils, and ends  
 Her Prayers with Amen,  
 Tunes Psalms, and to the Sacraments  
 Brings in the Elements  
 And takes them out again;  
 Is humble minded, and industrious handed,  
 Doth nothing of himself, but as commanded.

All that the vessels of the Lord  
 Do bear with one accord  
 Must study to be pure,  
 As they are: If his holy eye  
 Do any spot espy,  
 He cannot it endure;  
 But most expecteth to be sanctifi'd  
 In those come nearest him, and glorifi'd.

Psalms then are always tuned best,  
 When there is most exprest  
 The holy Penmans heart:  
 All musick is but discord, where  
 That wants, or doth not bear  
 The first and chiefest part.  
 Voices, without affection answerable,  
 When best, to God are most abominable.

Though in the blessed Sacraments  
 The outward Elements  
 Are but as husks and shells;  
 Yet he that knows the kernels worth,  
 If even those send forth,  
 Some Aromatick smells:  
 Will not esteem it waste, lest *Judas*-like  
 Through *Mary's* side he Christ himself should strike.  
 B Lord,

26 THE SYNAGOGUE.

Lord, without whom we cannot tell  
 How to speak or think, well,  
 Lend us thy helping hand,  
 That what we do may pleasing be,  
 Not to our selves, but thee,  
 And answer thy command:  
 So that, not we alone, but thou may'st say  
 Amen to all our pray'rs, pray'd the right way.

The Overseer of the Poor.

**T**He Churches Almoner takes care, that none  
 In their necessity,  
 Shall unprovided be  
 Of maint'nance, or employment: those alone,  
 Whom careless idleness,  
 Or riotous excess,  
 Condemns to needless want, he leaves to be  
 Chasten'd a while by their own povertie.  
 Thou gracious Lord, rich in thy self, dost give  
 To all men lib'rally,  
 Upbraiding none. Thine eye  
 Is open upon all. In thee we live,  
 We move, and have our being:  
 But there is more than seeing.  
 For th' poor with thee: they are thy special charge;  
 To them thou dost thine heart and hand enlarge.  
 Four sorts of poor there are, with whom thou deal'st,  
 Though always differently.  
 With such indifferency,  
 That none hath reason to complain: thou heal'st  
 All those whom thou dost wound:  
 If there be any found  
 Hurt by themselves, thou leav'st them to endure  
 The pain, till th' pain render them fit for cure.

Some

# THE SYNAGOGUE.

27

Some in the world are poor, and rich in faith:

Their outward poverty

A plentiful supply

Of inward comforts and contentments hath,

And their estate is blest;

In this above the rest,

It was thy choice, whil'st thou on earth did'st stay,

And hadst not whereupon thy head to lay.

Some poor in spirit in the world are rich;

Although not many such;

And no man needs to grutch

Their happiness; who to maintain that pitch;

Have an hard task in hand,

Nor eas'ly can withstand

The strong temptations that attend on riches:

Mountains are more expos'd to storms than ditches,

Some rich in th' world are sp'ritually poor,

And destitute of grace,

Who may perchance have place

In the Church upon earth; but heavens door

Too narrow ist' admit

Such camels in at it,

Till they sell all they have, that field to buy;

Wherein the true treasure doth hidden lye.

Some sp'ritually poor, and destitute

Of grace in th' world are poor,

Begging from door to door,

Accursed both in Gods and mans repute,

Till by their miseries

Tutor'd they learn to prize

Hungring and thirsting after righteousness,

Whilst they're on earth, their greatest happiness.

Lord, make me poor in spirit, and relieve

Me how thou wilt thy self,

No want of worldly self

B 2

Shall

28 THE SYNAGOGUE.

Shall make me discontented, fret and grieve.  
 I know thine alms are best;  
 But, above all the rest,  
 Condemn me not unto the hell of riches,  
 Without thy grace to countercharm the witches.

---

The Church-warden.

**T**He Churches guardian takes care to keep  
 Her buildings always in repair,  
 Unwilling that any decay should creep  
 On them, before he is aware.

Nothing defac'd,

Nothing displac'd

He likes; but most doth long and love to see  
 The living stones order'd as they should be.

Lord, thou not only super-visor art

Of all our works, but in all those,

Which we dare own, thine is the chiefest part:

For there is none of us, that knows

How to do well:

Nor can we tell

What we should do, unless by thee directed:

It prospers not that's by our selves projected.

That, which we think our selves to mend, we mar,

And often make it ten times worse:

Reforming of Religion by war

Is th' chymick blessing of a curse.

Great odds it is,

That we shall miss

Of what we looked for: Thine ends cannot

By any but by thine own means be got.

'Tis strange we so much doat upon our own

Deformity, and others scorn.

As if our selves were beautiful alone:

When that which did us most adorn

We



# THE SYNAGOGUE. 19

We purposely  
 Choose to lay by,  
 Such decency and order, as did place us  
 In high st esteem, and guard as well as grace us.  
 Is not thy daughter glorious within,  
 When cloa h'd in needle-work without?  
 Or is't not rather both their shame and sin,  
 That change her robe into a clout,  
 Too narrow, and  
 Too thin, to stand  
 Her need in any stead, much less to be  
 An ornament fit for her high degree.  
 Take pity on her, Lord, and heal her breaches:  
 Cloath all her enemies with shame:  
 All the despight that's done unto her reaches  
 To the dishonour of thy name.  
 Make all her sons,  
 Rich precious stones,  
 To shine each of them in his proper place,  
 Receiving of thy fulness grace for grace.

## The Deacon.

**T**He Deacon! That's the Minister.  
 True, taken gen'rally:  
 And without any sinister  
 Intent, us'd specially,  
 He's purposely ordain'd to Minister,  
 In Sacred things, t' another officer.  
 At whose appointment, in whose stead,  
 He doth what he should do,  
 In some things, not in all: Is led  
 By law, and custom too.  
 Where that doth neither bid, nor forbid, he  
 Thinks this sufficient authority.

# 30. THE SYNAGOGUE.

Loves not to vary, when he sees  
 No great necessity,  
 To what's commanded he agrees;  
 With all humility;  
 Knowing how highly God submission prizes,  
 Pleas'd with obedience more than sacrifices,  
 Lord, thou did'st of thy self profess  
 Thou wast as one that serv'd,  
 And freely choosest to go less,  
 Though none so much deserv'd.  
 With what face can we then refuse to be  
 Entred thy servants in a low degree?  
 Thy way to exaltation  
 Was by humilities:  
 But we, proud generation,  
 No difference of degree  
 In holy orders will allow; nay more,  
 A l holy orders would turn out of door.  
 But if thy precept cannot do't,  
 To make us humbly serve,  
 Nor thy example added to't,  
 If still from birth we swerve,  
 Let none of us proceed, till he can tell,  
 How t' use the office of a Deacon well.  
 Which by the blessing of thy Spirit,  
 Whom thou hast left to be  
 Thy Vicar here, we may inherit,  
 And minister to thee,  
 Though not so well as thou may'st well expect,  
 Yet so, as thou wilt pleased be t' accept.

## The Priest.

**T**He Priest, I say: the Presbyter, I mean;  
 As now adays he's call'd,  
 By

By many men : But I choose to retain  
 The name wherewith install'd  
 He was at first in our own mother tongue :  
 And doing so, I hope, I do no wrong.

The Priest, I say, 's a middle Officer,  
 Between the Bishop and  
 The Deacon, as a middle offerer  
 Which in the Church doth stand  
 Between God and the people, ready prest  
 In the behalf of both to do his best.

From him to them offers the promises  
 Of mercy which he makes ;  
 For them to him doth all their faults confess ;  
 Their pray'rs and praises takes ,  
 And offers for them, at the throne of grace :  
 Contendedly attending his own place.

The Word and Sacraments, the means of grace ;  
 He duly doth dispence ,  
 The flourisheth of falshood to deface ,  
 With truths clear evidence ;  
 And sins usurped tyranny suppress ,  
 B<sup>y</sup> advancing righteousness, and holiness.

The publick censures of the Church he sees  
 To execution brought :  
 But nothing rashly of himself decrees ,  
 Nor covets to be thought  
 Wiser than his superiours ; whom always  
 He actively, or passively obeys.

Lord Jesus, thou the Mediatour art  
 Of the new Testament,  
 And fully did'st perform thy double part  
 Of God and man, when sent.

To reconcile the world, and to atone  
 'Twixt it and heaven, of two making one.  
 Yea, after the order of *Melchisedeck*,  
 Thou art a Priest for ever.  
 With perfect righteousness thy self do'st deck,  
 Such as decayeth never.  
 Like to thy self make all thy Priests on earth,  
 Bless'd fathers to thy sons of th' second birth.  
 Thou cam'st to do the will of him that sent thee,  
 And didst his honour seek,  
 More than thine own: Well may it then repent thee,  
 Being thy self so meek,  
 To have admitted them into the place  
 Of sons, that seek their fathers to disgrace.  
 Lord, grant that the abuse may be reform'd,  
 Before it ruin bring  
 Upon thy poor despised Church, transform'd  
 As if't were no such thing:  
 Thou that the God of order art, and peace,  
 Make curs'd confusion and contention cease.

### The Bishop.

**T**He Bishop? Yes, why not? What doth that name  
 Import that is unlawful, or unfit?  
 To say the Overseer is the same  
 In substance, and no hurt, I hope, to it:  
 But sure if men did not despise the thing;  
 Such scorn upon the name they would not fling.  
 Some Priests, some Presbyters, I mean, would be  
 Each Overseer of his sev'ral cure,  
 But one Superiour, to oversee  
 Them altogether, they will not endure:  
 This the main difference is, that I can see,  
 Bishops they would not have, but they would be.  
 But who can shew of old that ever any  
 Presbyteries without their Bishops were:                    Though

Though Bishops without Presbyteries many,  
At first must needs be, almost every where,  
That Presbyters from Bishops first arise,  
To assist them, 's probable, not these from thole.

However, a true Bishop esteems  
The highest Officer the Church on earth  
Can have, as proper to it self, and deem  
A Church without one an imperfect birth;  
If constituted so at first, and maimed,  
If whom it had, it afterwards disclaimed.

All order first from unity ariseth;  
And th' essence of it is subordination;  
Who ever this contemns, and that despiseth,  
May talk of, but intends not, reformation.  
'Tis not of God, of Nature, or of Art,  
To ascribe to all what's proper to one part.

To rule and to be ruled are distinct;  
And sev'ral duties, sev'rally belong  
To sev'ral persons, can no more be link't  
In altogether, than amidst the throng  
Of rude unruly passions, in the heart;  
Reason can see to act her sovereign part.

But a good Bishop, as a tender father,  
Doth teach and rule the Church, and is obey'd;  
And rev'renc'd by it, so much the rather,  
By how much he delighted more to lead  
All by his own example in the way,  
Then punish any, when they go astray.

Lord, thou the Bishop, and chief Shepherd; art  
Of all that flock, which thou hast purchased  
With thine own blood: to them thou dost impart  
The benefits, which thou hast merited,  
Teaching, and ruling, by thy blessed Spirit,  
Their souls in grace, till glory they inherit.

# 34 THE SYNAGOGUE.

The stars which thou dost hold in thy right hand,  
The Angels of the Churches, Lord, direct  
Clearly thy holy Will to understand;  
And do accordingly: Let no defect

Nor fault, no not in our New Politicks  
Provoke thee to remove our candlesticks.

But, let thy Urim and thy Thummim be  
Garments of praise to adorn thine holy ones:  
Light and perfection let all men see

Brightly shine forth in those rich precious stones,  
Of whom thou wilt make a foundation  
To raise thy new *Hierusalem* upon.

And, at the brightness of its rising, let  
All nations with thy people shout for joy:  
Salvation for Walls and Bulwarks set  
About it, that nothing may it annoy.

Then the whole world thy Diocesis shall be,  
And Bishops all but Suffragans to Thee.

## Church Festivals.

**M** Arrow of time, Eternity in brief  
Compendiums Epitomiz'd, the chief  
Contents, the Indices, the Title-pages  
Of all past, present, and succeeding ages,  
Sublimate graces, antedated glories,

The cream of holiness,

The Inventories

Of future blessedness,

The Florilegia of celestial stories,  
Spirits of joys, the relishes, and closes  
Of Angels' music, pearls dissolved, roses  
Perfumed, sugar'd honey-combs, delights

Never too highly priz'd,

The marriage rites,

Which duly solemniz'd

Utter

Usher espoused souls to bridal nights,  
Gilded Sun beams, refined Elixars,  
And quintessential extracts of Asars:  
Who loves not you, doth but in vain profess  
That he loves God, or Heaven, or happiness.

The Sabbath. Or Lords day.

<b>H</b> ail	Vail
Holy	Wholly
King of dayes,	To thy praise;
The Emperour,	For evermore
Or Universal	Must the rehearsal
Monarch of time, the weeks	Of all, that honour seeks
Perpetual Dictatour.	Under the worlds Creator.
Thy	My
Beauty	Duty
Far exceeds	Yet must needs
The reach of art;	Yield thee mine heart;
To blazon fully,	And that not dully:
And I thy light eclipse,	Spirits of souls, not lips
When I most strive to raise	Alone, are fit to praise thee
(thee.	

What	That
Nothing	Slow things
Else can be;	Time by thee
Thou only art	Hath got the start;
Th' extracted spirit	And doth inherit
Of all Eternity,	That immortality
By favour antedated.	Which sin anticipated.

O  
That I  
Could lay by  
This body so,  
That my soul might be  
Incorporate with thee,  
And no more to six days owe.

The

## The Annunciation, or Lady-day.

**U**Nto the musick of the spears  
Let men, and Angels, joyn in consort theirs.

So great a messenger,  
From heaven to earth,  
Is seldom seen,  
Attir'd in so much glory,  
▲ message welcomer,  
Fraught with more mirth,  
Hath never been  
Subject of any story:

This by a double-right, if any may,  
Be truly stil'd the worlds birth-day.

The making of the world ne're cost  
So dear, by much, as to redeem it lost.

God said but, *Let it be*,  
And ev'ry thing  
Was made straightway,  
So as he saw it good:  
But e're that he could see  
A course to bring  
Man gone astray

To the place where he stood;  
His wisdom with his mercy, for mans sake,  
Against his justice part did take.

And the result was this days news,  
Able the messenger himself t' amuse,  
As well as her, to whom

By him 'twas told,  
That though she were  
A Virgin pure, and knew  
No man, yet in her womb



## THE SYNAGOGUE. 37

A son she should  
Conceive and bear,  
As sure as God was true,  
Such high place in his favour she possessed,  
Being among all women blessed.  
But blest especially in this,  
That she believ'd, and for eternal bliss  
Rely'd on him, whom she  
Her self should bear,  
And her own son  
Took for her Saviour,  
And if there any be  
That when they hear,  
As she had done  
Sure their behaviour,  
They may be blessed, as she was, and say,  
'Tis their Annunciation day.

---

### The Nativity, or Christmas-day.

**U**Nfold thy face, unmask thy ray,  
Shine forth bright sun, doubt the day.  
Let no malignant misty fume,  
Nor foggy vapour, once presume  
To interpose thy perfect light  
This day, which makes us love thy light  
For ever better, that we could  
That blessed object once behold:  
Which is both the circumference,  
And centre of all excellence:  
Or rather neither, but a treasure  
Unconfined without measure,  
Whose centre and circumference,  
Including all preheminance,  
Excluding nothing but defect.

And

And infinite in each aspect,  
Is equally both here and there,  
And now, and then, and ev'ry where  
And always, one, himself, the same  
A being far above a name.

Draw nearer then, and freely pour  
Forth all thy light into that hour,  
Which was crowned with his birth,  
And made Heaven envy earth.

Let not this birth-day clouded be,  
By whom thou shinest, and we see.

### The Circumcision, or New-years day.

Sorrow betide my sins! Must smart so soon  
Seize on my Saviours tender flesh scarce grown.

Unto an eight days age?

Can nothing else assuage

The wrath of heaven, but his infant-blood,  
Innocent Infant, infinitely good!

Is this thy welcome to the world, great God!

No sooner born, but subject to the rod

Of sin-incensed wrath?

Alas, what pleasure hath

Thy Fathers justice to begin thy passion,  
Almost together with thine Incarnation?

Is it to antedate thy death? T'indite

Thy condemnation himself, and write

The copy with thy blood;

Since nothing is so good?

Or, is't by this experiment to try,

Whether thou beest born mortal, and canst dye.

If man must needs draw blood of God, yet why

Stays he not till thy time be come to dye?

Didst thou thus early bleed,

For us to shew what need

We

# THE SYNAGOGUE.

39

We have to hasten unto thee as fast;  
And learn that all the time is lost that's past.

'Tis true, we should do so; Yet in this blood  
There's something else, that must be understood:

It seals thy covenant;  
That so we may not want

Witness enough against thee, that thou art  
Made subject to the Law, to act our part.

The Sacrament of thy regeneration  
It cannot be; It gives no imitation

Of what thou wert, but we  
Native impurity;

Original corruption, was not thine;  
But only as thy righteousness is mine.

In holy Baptism this is brought to me,  
As that in Circumcision was to thee:

So that thy joys and pain  
Do prove my joy and gain.

Thy circumcision writ thy death in blood:  
Baptism in water seals my livelihood.

O blessed change! Yet, rightly understood,  
That blood was water, and this water's blood.

What shall I give again,  
To recompence thy pain?

Lord, take revenge upon me for this smart:  
To quit thy fore-skin, circumsise my heart.

## The Epiphany, or Twelfth-day.

**G**reat, without contrivance great,  
They that do know it will confess  
The mystery of godliness;  
Whereof the Gospel doth intreat.

God

God in the flesh is manifest,  
 And that, which hath for ever been  
 Invisible, may now be seen,  
 Th' eternal deity new drest.

Angels to shepherds brought the news;  
 And wisemen guided by a Star,  
 To seek the sun are come from far:  
 Gentiles have got the start of Jews.

The stable and the manger hide  
 His glory from his own: but these,  
 Though strangers, his resplendent rays  
 Of Majesty divine have spy'd.

Gold, frankincense, and myrrh, they give;  
 And worshipping him plainly shew,  
 That unto him they all things owe,  
 By whose free gift it is they live.

Though clouded in a vail of flesh,  
 The sun of righteousness appears,  
 Melting cold cares, and frosty fears,  
 And making joys spring up afresh.

O that his light and influence;  
 Would work effectually in me.  
 Another new Epiphany,  
 Exhale, and elevate me hence:

That, as my calling doth require,  
 Star-like I may to others shine,  
 And guide them to that sun divine:  
 Whose day-light never shall expire.

### The Passion, or Good-Friday.

**T**His day my Saviour dy'd: and do I live?  
 What hath not sorrow stain'd me yet?  
 O that the immortal God vouchsafe to give

His.

# THE SYNAGOGUE. 41

His life for mine, and do I set  
More by my wretched life, than he by his,  
So full of glory, and of bliss?

Did his free mercy, and meer love to me,  
Make him forsake his glorious throne,  
And mount a cross, the stage of infamie,  
That so he might not die alone,  
But dying suffer more through grief and shame,  
Than mortal men have pow'r to name?

And can ingratitude so far prevail,  
To keep me living still? Alas!  
Methinks some thorn out of his crown, some nail,  
At least his spear, might pierce, and pass  
Thorow, and thorow, till it riev'd mine heart;  
As the right death-deserving part.

And doth he not expect it should be so?  
Would he lay down a price so great,  
And not look that his purchases should grow  
Accordingly? Shall I defeat  
His just desire? O no, it cannot be:  
His death must needs be death to me.

My life's not mine, but his: for he did dye  
That I might live: yet died so,  
That being dead he was alive; and I  
Thorow the gates of death must go  
To live with him: yea, to live by him here  
Is a part in his death to bear.

Dye then, dull soul, and if thou canst not dye,  
Dissolve thy self into a Sea  
Of living tears, whose streams may ne're go dry.  
Nor turned be another way,  
Till they have drown'd all joys, but those alone,  
Which sorrow claimeth for its own.

For sorrow hath its joys: and I am glad That

42. THE SYNAGOGUE.

That I would grieve, if I do not :  
But, if I neither could, nor would, be sad ,  
And sorrowful, this day, my lot  
Would be to grieve for ever, with a grief  
Uncapable of all relief.

No grief was like that, which he griev'd for me ,  
A greater grief than can be told :  
And like my grief for him no grief should be ,  
If I could grieve so, as I would :  
But what I would, and cannot, he doth see ,  
And will accept, that dy'd for me.

Lord, as thy grief, and death for me are mine ,  
For thou hast given them unto me ,  
So my desires to grieve, and dye are thine ,  
For they are wrought only by thee.  
Not for my sake then, but thine own, be pleas'd  
With that, which thou thy self hast rais'd.

The Resurrection, or Easter-day.

**U**P, and away ,  
Thy Saviours gone before.  
Why dost thou stay ,  
Dull soul ? Behold the door  
Is open, and his Precept bids thee rise ,  
Whose pow'r hath vanquish't all thine enemies.  
Say not , I live ,  
Whil'st in the grave thou ly'st :  
He that doth give  
Thee life, would have thee priz't  
More highly than to keep it bury'd, where  
Thou canst not make the fruits of it appear.  
Is rottenness ,  
And dust so pleasant to thee ,  
That happiness ,

And

# THE SYNAGOGUE 43.

And Heaven, cannot woo thee  
To shake thy shackles off, and leave behind thee  
Those setters, which to death, and hell do bind thee ?

In vain thou say'st,

Th'art bury'd with thy Saviour,

If thou delay'st,

To shew, by thy behaviour,

That thou art risen with him ; Till thou shine

Like him, how canst thou say his light is thine ?

Early he rose,

And with him brought the day,

Which all thy foes

Frighted out of the way :

And wilt thou sluggard-like turn in thy bed,

Till noon-sun-beams draw up thy drowfie head ?

Open thine eyes,

Sin-seized soul, and see

What cobweb-eyes

They are, that trammel thee :

Not profits, pleasures, honours, as thou thinkest ;

But loss, pain, shame, at which thou vainly winkest.

All that is good

Thy Saviour dearly bought,

With his hearts blood ;

And it must there be sought,

Where he keeps residence, who rose this day :

Linger no longer then ; up, and away.

## The Ascension, or Holy Thursday.

**M**ount, mount, my soul, and climb, or rather flye

With all thy force on high,

Thy Saviour rose not only, but ascended :

And he must be attended

Both

# 44 THE SYNAGOGUE.

Both in his conquest and his triumph too,  
                     His glories strongly woo  
 His graces to them, and will not appear  
 In their full lustre, until both be three.  
 Where he now sits, not for himself alone,  
                     But that upon his throne  
 All his redeemed may attendants be,  
                     Robed and crown'd as he.  
 Kings without Courtiers are 'lone men, they say;  
                     And dost thou think to stay  
 Behind on earth, whilst thy King reigns in heaven,  
 Yet not be of thy happiness bereaven?  
 Nothing that thou canst think worth having's here.  
                     Nothing is wanting there,  
 That thou canst wish, to make thee truly blest.  
                     And, above all the rest,  
 Thy life is hid with God in Jesus Christ,  
                     Higher than what is high'st.  
 O grovel then no longer here on earth,  
 Where mis'ry ev'ry moment drowns thy mirth.  
 But tour, my soul, and soar above the skies,  
                     Where thy true treasure lies.  
 Though with corruption, and mortality  
                     Thou clogg'd and pinion'd be;  
 Yet thy fleet thoughts, and sprightly wishes, may  
                     Speedily glide away.  
 To what thou canst not reach, at least aspire,  
 Ascend, if not in deed, yet in desire.

## Whitsunday.

**N**ay, stirtle not to hear the rushing wind,  
                     Wherewith this place is shaken:  
 Attend a while, and thou shalt quickly find  
                     How much thou art mistaken,



If thou think here  
Is any cause to fear.

See'st thou not how on those twelve rev'rend heads  
Sit cloven tongues of fire ?  
And as the rumour of that wonder spreads,  
The multitude admire  
To see it : and  
Yet more amazed stand

To hear at once so great variety  
Of language from them come,  
Of whom they dare be bold to say they be  
Bred no where but at home,  
And never were  
In place such words to hear.

Mock not, prophane despisers of the spirit,  
At what's to you unknown :  
This earnest he hath sent, who must inherit  
All nations as his own :  
That they may know  
How much to him they owe.

Now that he is ascended up on high  
To his celestial throne,  
And hath led captive all captivity,  
He'll not receive alone,  
But likewise give  
Gifts unto all that live ;

To all that live by him, that they may be,  
In his due time, each one,  
Partakers with him in his victory,  
Nor he triumph alone,  
But take all his  
Unto him where he is.

To fit them for which blessed state of glory,  
This is his agent here ;

To

46 THE SYNAGOGUE.

To publish to the World that happy story,  
Always and every where;

This resolute  
Embassadour is sent.

Heavens legier upon earth to counter-work

The mines that Satan made

And bring to light those enemies, that lurk

Under sins gloomy shade:

That hell may not

Still boast what it hath got.

Thus Babels curse, confusion, is retriev'd,

Diversity of tongues

By this division of the sp'rit reliev'd:

And to prevent all wrongs,

One faith unites

People of diff'rent rites.

O let his entertainment then be such,

As doth him best besit:

What ever he requireth think not much

Freely to yield him it:

For who doth this

Reaps the first fruits of blifs.

Trinity Sunday.

**G** Race, Wit, and Art, assist me: for I see

The subject of this days solemnity

So far excels in worth,

That sooner may

I drain the sea,

Or drive the day,

With light away,

Than fully set it forth,

Except you joyn all three to take my part;

And chiefly Grace fill both my head and heart.

Stay, busie soul, presume not to enquire  
Too much of what Angels can but admire,  
And never comprehend:

The Trinity

In Unity,

And Unity

In Trinity,

All reason doth transcend.

God Father, Son God, and God Holy Ghost,  
Who most admireth, magnifieth most.

And who most magnifies best understands,  
And best expresseth what the heads, and hands,

And hearts, of all men living,

When most they try

To glorifie,

And raise on high,

Fall short, and lye

Groveling below: Mans giving

Is but restoring by retail, with loss,

What from his God he first receiv'd in gross.

Faith must perform the office of invention,

And Elocution struck with apprehension

Of wonder, sience keep.

Not tongues, but eyes

Lift to the skies

In reverend wise,

Best solemnize

This day: whereof the deep

Mysterious subject lies out of the reach.

Of Wit to learn, much more of Art to teach.

Then write *non Ultra* here; Look not for leave

To speak of what thou never canst conceive

Worthily, as thou shouldest:

And it shall be

Enough for thee,

A If

If none but he  
Himself doth see,  
Though thou canst not, thou wouldest  
Make his praise glorious, who is alone  
Thrice blessed one in three, and three in one.

---

### Invitation.

**T**urn in, my Lord, turn in to me;  
Mine heart's an homely place:  
But thou canst make corruption flee,  
And fill it with thy grace.  
So furnished it will be brave,  
And a rich dwelling thou shalt have.  
It was thy lodging once before,  
It builded was by thee:  
But I to sin set ope the door,  
It render'd was by me.  
And so thy building was defac'd,  
And in thy room another plac'd.  
But he usurps, the right is thine:  
O dispossess him, Lord!  
Do thou but say, this heart is mine,  
He's gone at the first word.  
Thy words thy will, thy will's thy power,  
Thy time is always; now's mine hour.

Now say to sin, depart:  
And, *son give me thine heart.*  
Thou, that by saying, *Let it be*, didst make it,  
Canst, if thou wilt, by saying, *Give't me*, take it.

---

### Comfort in Extremity.

**A** Las! my Lord is gone,  
Oh my woe!

# THE SYNAGOGUE.

49

It will be mine undoing ;

If he go

Please run and overtake him ;

If he stay,

Please cry aloud, and make him

Look this way.

O stay, my Lord, my Love, 'tis I ;

Comfort me quickly, or I dye.

Cheer up thy drooping spirits,

I am here.

Mine all-sufficient merits

Shall appear

Before the throne of glory

In thy stead :

Please put into thy story

What I did.

Lift up thine eyes sad soul, and see

Thy Saviour here, Lo, I am he.

Alas ! shall I present

My sinfulness

To thee ? thou wilt resent

The loathsomeness

Be not afraid, Please take

Thy Sins on me,

And all my favour make

To shine on thee.

Lord, what thou'lt have me, thou must make me.

As I have made thee, now I take thee.

## Resolutions and Assurance.

**L**ord, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not ?

Bethrew that not :

It was my sin begot

That Question first : Yes, Lord, thou wilt ;

C

Thy

# THE SYNAGOGUE.

Thy blood was spilt  
 To wash away my guilt,  
 Lord, I will love thee. Shall I not?  
 Beshrew that hor,  
 'Twas deaths accursed plot  
 To put that question: Yes, I will,  
 Lord love thee still,  
 In spite of all my ill.  
 Then life, and love continue still,  
 We shall, and will,  
 My Lord and I, until,  
 In his celestial hill,  
 We love our fill,  
 When he hath purged all mine ill.

## Vows broken and renewed.

**S**aid I not so, that I would sin no more?  
 Witness my God, I did;  
 Yet I am run again upon the score:  
 My faults cannot be hid.  
 What shall I do? Make vows, and break them still?  
 'Twill be but labour lost;  
 My good cannot prevail against mine ill:  
 The bus'ness will be crost.  
 O, say not so: thou can'st not tell what strength  
 Thy God may give thee at the length:  
 Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,  
 Thy God will pardon all that's past, (may'st  
 Vow, whilst thou canst: while thou canst vow, thou  
 Perhaps perform it, when thou thinkest least.  
 Thy God hath not deny'd thee all,  
 Whilst he permits thee but to call:  
 Call to thy God for grace to keep

Thy

# THE SYNAGOGUE.

51

Thy Vows, and if thou break them weep,  
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again:  
Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.

Then once again  
I vow to mend my ways,  
Lord, say, Amen,  
And thine be all the praise.

## Confusion.

O! How my mind  
Is gravell'd!  
Not a thought

That I can find  
But's ravell'd  
All to nought.

Short ends of threds,  
And narrow shreds,  
Of lists,

Knots snarled ruffs,  
Loose broken tufts  
Of twists,

Are my torn meditations ragged cloathing,  
Which wound, and woven shape a sure for nothing:  
One while I think, and then I am in pain  
To think how to unthink that thought again.

How can my soul  
But famish  
With this food?

Pleasures full bowl  
Taste rammish,  
Taints the blood,

Profit picks bones,  
And chews on stones  
That choak:

Honour climbs hills,

C 2

Fate

Fats not, but fills

With smoak.

And whilst my thoughts are greedy upon these,

They pass by pearls, and stoop to pick up pease.

Such wash and draff is fit for none but swine:

And such I am not, Lord, if I am thine.

Cloath me anew, and feed me then afresh:

Else my soul dies famish'd, and starv'd with flesh.

### A Paradox.

*The worse the better.*

**W**elcome mine health: this sickness makes me  
Med'cins adieu: (well.  
When with diseases I have list to dwell,  
I'll wish for you.

Welcome my strength: this weakness makes me able.  
Powers adieu:

When I am weary grown of standing stable,  
I'll wish for you.

Welcome my wealth: this loss hath gain'd me more.  
Riches adieu:

When I again grow greedy to be poor,  
I'll wish for you.

Welcome my credit: this disgrace is glory.  
Honours adieu:

When for renown, and fame I shall be sorry,  
I'll wish for you.

Welcome content: this sorrow is my joy.  
Pleasures adieu:

When I desire such griefs as may annoy,  
I'll wish for you.

Health, strength, and riches, credit, and content,  
Are spared best, sometimes when they are spent:

Sick-



Sickness and weakness, loss, disgrace, and sorrow,  
Lend most sometimes, when they most seem to borrow.  
Blest be the hand, that helps by hurting, gives  
By taking, by forsaking, me relieves.  
If in my fall my rising be thy will,  
Lord, I will say, *The worse the better still*.  
I'll speak the Paradox, maintain thou it,  
And let thy grace supply my want of wit.  
Leave me no learning that a man may see,  
So I may be a Scholar unto thee.

Inmates.

A house I had (an heart I mean) so wide  
And full of spacious rooms on every side,  
That viewing it I thought I might do well,  
Rather than keep it void, and make no gain,  
Of what I could not use, to entertain  
Such guests as came : I did ; But what befel  
Me quickly in that course, I sigh to tell.

A guest I had (alas ! I have her still)  
A great big-belly'd guest enough to fill  
The vast content of hell, Corruption.  
By entertaining her, I lost my right  
To more than all the world hath now in sight.  
Each day, each hour, almost, she brought forth one  
Or other base-begot Transgression.

The charge grew great. I, that had lost before  
All that I had, was forced now to score  
For all the charges of their maintenance  
In dooms-day book : Whoever knew't would say  
The least sum there was more than I could pay,  
When first 'twas due, beside continuance, (hance.  
Which could not chuse but much the debt en-

54 THE SYNAGOGUE.

To ease me first I wish'd her to remove :  
 But she would not. I su'd her then above ,  
 And begg'd the court of heaven but in vain ,  
 To cast her out. No, I could not evade  
 The bargain, which she pleaded I had made ,  
 That, whilst both liv'd, I should entertain ,  
 At mine own charge, both her and all her train.

No help then, but or I must dye or she ;  
 And yet my death of no avail would be :  
 For one death I had dy'd already, then ,  
 When first she liv'd in me : and now to dye  
 Another death again were but to tye  
 And twist them both into a third, which when  
 It once hath seiz'd on, never looseth men.

Her death might be my life ; but her to kill  
 I, of my self, had neither power nor will.  
 So desp'rate was my case. Whilst I delay'd ,  
 My gues't still reem'd, my debts still greater grew ;  
 The less I had to pay, the more was due.  
 The more I knew, the more I was afraid :  
 The more I mus'd, the more I was disdain'd.

At last I learn'd, there was no way but one :  
 A friend must do it for me. He alone ,  
 That is the Lord of Life, by dying can  
 Save men from death, and kill Corruption :  
 And many years ago the deed was done ,  
 His heart was pierc'd ; out of his side there ran  
 Sins corrosives, restoratives for man.

This precious balm I begg'd, for pities sake ,  
 At Mercies gate ; where Faith alone may take ,  
 What Grace and Truth do offer lib'rally.  
 Bounty said, Come, I heard it, and believed :  
 None ever there complain'd, but was relieved.

Hope

Hope waiting upon Faith said instantly,  
That thenceforth I should live, Corruption dye.

And so she dy'd, I live. But yet, alas!

We are not parted. She is where she was,

Cleaves fast unto me, still, looks through mine eyes,

Speaks in my tongue, and mureth in my mind,

Works with mine hands: her body's left behind,

Although her soul be gone. My miseries

All flow from hence: from hence my woes arise,

I loath my self, because I leave her not:

Yet cannot leave her. No, she is my lot,

Now being dead, that living was my choice:

And still, though dead, she both conceives and bears

Many faults daily, and as many fears:

All which for vengeance call with a loud voice,

And drown my comforts with their deadly noise.

Dead bodies kept unbury'd quickly stink,

And putrifie: How can I then but think

Corruption noysome, even mortifi'd?

Though such she were before, yet such to me

She seemed not. Kind fools can never see,

Or will not credit, until they have try'd;

That friendly looks oft false intents do hide.

But mortifi'd Corruption lies unmaskt,

Blabs her own secret filthiness unaskt,

To all that understand her. That do none,

In whom she lives embraced with delight:

She first of all deprives them of their sight:

Then doat they on her, as upon their own,

And she to them seems beautiful alone.

But woe is me! One part of me is dead:

The other lives. Yet that which lives is led;

Or rather carry'd captive unto sin,

By the dead part. I am a living grave,

And a dead body I within me have.

56 THE SYNAGOGUE.

The worse part of the better, oft doth win;  
'And, when I should have ended, I begin.

The sent would choak me, were it not that grace  
Sometimes vouchsafeth to perfume the place

With odours of the Spirit, which do ease me,  
'And counterpoise Corruption. Blessed Spirit,  
Although eternal torments be my merit.

And of thy self Transgressions only please me,  
Add grace enough being reviv'd, to raise me.

Challenge thine own. Let not intruders hold  
Against thy right, what to my wrong I sold.

Having no state my self, but tenancy,  
And tenancy at will, what could I grant  
That is not voided, if thou say, avaunt!

O speak the word, and make these innates flee:  
Or, which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

The Curb.

**P**Eace, rebel thought: dost thou not know thy King  
My God, is here?

Cannot his presence, if no other thing,  
Make thee forbear?

Or were he absent, all the slanders by  
Are but his spies:

And well he knows, if thou should'st it deny,  
Thy words were lies.

If others will not, yet I must, and will,  
My self complain.

My God, ev'n now a base rebellious thought  
Began to move,

And subt'ly twining with me would have wrought  
Me from thy love:

Pain he would have me to believe, that sin,  
And thou might both

Take

Take up my heart together for your Inn,  
And neither loath  
The others company: a while sit still,  
And part again.

Tell me, my God, how this may be redrest,  
The fault is great,  
And I the guilty party have confest,  
I must be beat.  
And I refuse not punishment for this,  
Though to my pain;  
So I may learn to do no more amiss,  
Nor sin again:  
Correct me, if thou wilt; but teach me then  
What I shall do.

Lord, of my life, methinks I heard thee say,  
That labours eas'd;  
The fault, that is confest, is done away,  
And thou art pleas'd.  
How can I sin again, and wrong thee then  
That do'st relent,  
And cease thine anger straight, as soon as men  
Do but repent?  
No, rebel thought; for if thou move again,  
I'll tell that too.

### The Loss.

**T**He match is made  
Between my Love and me;  
And therefore glad,  
And merry, now I'll be.  
Come glory, crown  
My head,  
And pleasures drown  
My bed.

Of thorns in down.

Sorrow, be gone

Delight,

And joy alone

Best;

My honey, Moon.

Be packing now,

You comb'rous cares, and fears:

Mirth will allow

No room to sighs and tears.

Whilst thus I lay,

As ravish'd with delight,

I heard one say,

So fools their friends requite.

I knew the voice

My Lords,

And at the point

His words

Did make, arose.

I look'd, and spy'd,

Each where,

And loudly cry'd,

My dear:

But none reply'd;

Then to my grief

I found my love was gone;

Without relief,

Leaving me all alone.

### The Search.

**W**Hither, oh! whither is my Lord departed?  
 What can my love, that is so tender hearted,  
 Forlake the soul, which once he thow'd darted,  
 As if it never smarted?

No,

No, sure my love is here if I could find him;  
He that fills all can leave no place behind him;  
But oh! my senses are too weak to find him;  
Or else I do not mind him.

O no, I mind him not so as I ought;  
Nor seek him so as I by him was taught;  
When I had lost my self, he dearly bought  
Me, that was sold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me sound;  
Lost him again, by whom I first was found;  
Him; that exalted me, have cast to the ground;  
My sins his blood have drown'd.

Tell me, oh! tell me, (thou alone canst tell)  
Lord of my life, where thou art gone to dwell:  
For, in thy absence heav'n it self is hell:  
Without thee none is well.

Ory, if thou beest not gone, but only hidest  
Thy presence in the place where thou abidest,  
Teach me the sacred Art, which thou providest:  
For all them, whom thou guidest,

To seek and find thee by, Else here I'll lye,  
Until thou find me. If thou let me dye,  
That only unto thee for life do cry,  
Thou dy'st as well as I.

For, if thou live in me, and I in thee,  
Then either both alive, or dead must be:  
At least I'll lay my death on thee, and see  
If thou wilt not agree.

For, though thou be the Judge thy self, I have  
Thy promise for it, which thou canst not wave;  
That who salvation at thine hands do crave,  
Thou wilt not fail to save.

Oh!

60 THE ST NAGOVE.

Oh! seek, and find me then, or else deny  
Thy truth, thy self. O! thou canst not lye,  
Shew thy self constant to thy word; draw high;  
Find me. Loe, here lye.

The Return.

**L**oe, now my love appears;  
My tears  
Have clear'd mine eyes. I see  
'Tis he.  
Thanks, blessed Lord, thine absence was my hell;  
And, now thou art returned, I am well.

By this I see I must  
Not trust  
My joyes unto my self:  
This self

Of too secure, and too presumptuous pleasure  
Had almost sunk my ship, and drown'd my treasure.

Who would have thought a joy  
So coy

To be offended so,  
And go.

So suddenly away? As if enjoying  
Full pleasure and contentment, were annoying.

Hereafter I had need  
Take heed.

Joyes, amongst other things,  
Have wings,

And watch their opportunities of flight,  
Converting in a moment day to night.

But, is't enough for me  
To be

Instructed to be wise?  
I'll rise,

And



# THE SNAKOGUE. 61

And read a lecture unto them, that are  
Willing to learn, how comfort dwells with care.

He that his joys would keep

Must weep;

And in the brine of tears;

And tears,

Must pickle them: That powder will preserve;

Faith with repentance is the souls conserve.

Learn to make much of care:

A rare

And precious balsam 'tis

For bliss;

Which oft resides, where mirth with sorrow meets:

Heavenly joys on earth are bitter-sweets.

## Inundations.

**W**E talk of *Noah's flood*, as of a wonder;

And well we may,

The Scriptures say,

The water did prevail, the hills were under,

And nothing could be seen but Sea,

And yet there are two other floods surpass

That flood, as far,

As heav'n one star,

Which many men regard, as little as

The ordinary'st things that are.

The one is sin, the other is salvation:

And we must need

Confess indeed,

That either is an inundation,

Which doth the deluge far exceed

In *Noah's flood* he and his household liv'd:

And there abode

A whole Ark-lead

Of

## 62 THE ST. NAGOUE.

Of other creatures, that were then repriv'd:  
All safely on the waters rode.

But, when sin came, it overflow'd all;  
And left none free:

Nay, even he,  
That knew no sin, could not release my thrall,  
But that he was made sin for me;

And, when salvation came, my Saviours blood  
Drown'd sin again;  
With all its train:

Of evils, overflowing them with good,  
With good that ever shall remain.

O, let there be one other inundation,  
Let grace o'reflow

In my soul so,  
That thankfulness may level with salvation,  
And sorrow for my evil grow.

Then will I praise my Lord and Saviour so,  
That Angels shall  
Admire mans fall;

When they shall see Gods greatest glory grow,  
Where Satan thought to root out all.

---

Sin.

**S**In, I would fain define thee: but thou art  
An uncouth thing:  
All that I bring

To shew thee fully, shews thee but in part.

I call thee the transgression of the Law,

And yet I read,  
That sin is dead

Without the Law; and thence it strength doth draw.

I say thou art the King of death. Distrust!

And yet I find

Death comes behind:

The work is done before the pay be done.

I say thou art the devil's work. Yet he

Should much rather

Call thee Father:

For he had been no devil but for thee.

What shall I call thee then? If death and devil,

Right understood,

Be names too good;

Ple say thou art the quintessence of evil.

## Travels at home.

Oft have I wish'd a traveller to be:

Mine eyes did even itch the lights to see,

That I had heard and read of. Oft I have

Been greedy of occasion, as the grave,

That never says enough; yet still was cross,

When opportunities had promis'd more.

At last I said, what mean'st thou, wandering elf,

To straggle thus? Go travel first thyself.

Thy little world can shew thee wonders great:

The greater may have more, but not more neat

And curious pieces. Search, and thou shalt find

Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy mind

Europe supplies, and Asia thy will,

And Affrick thine Affections. And if still

Thou list to travel further, put thy senses

For both the Indies. Make no more pretences

Of new discoveries, whilst yet thine own,

And nearest, little world is still unknown.

Away then with thy quadrants, compasses,

Globes, tables, cards, and maps, and minute glasses.

Lay by thy journals, and thy diaries,

Close up thine annals, and thine histories.

Study

Study thy self, and read what thou hast writ  
 In thine own book, thy conscience. Is it fit  
 To labour after other knowledge so,  
 And thine own nearest, dearest, self not know?  
 Travels abroad both dear and dang'rous are,  
 Whilst oft the soul pays for the bodies fare,  
 Travels at home are cheap, and safe. Salvation,  
 Comes mounted on the wings of meditation.

*He that doth live at home, and learns to know  
 God and himself, needeth no further go.*

### The Journey.

**L**ife is a journey. From our mothers wombs,  
 As houses, we set out: and in our tombs,  
 As Inns, we rest, till it be time to rise  
 'Twixt rocks and gulfs our narrow foot-path lies:  
 Haughty presumption, and hell-deep despair  
 Make our way dangerous, though seeming fair.  
 The world with its inticements fleck and fly,  
 Slabbers out steps, and makes them slippery.  
 The flesh, with its corruptions, clogs our feet,  
 And burdens us with loads of lusts unmeet.  
 The devil where we tread, doth spread his snares,  
 And with temptations takes us unawares.  
 Our footsteps are our thoughts, our words, our works:  
 These carry us along; in these there lurks  
 Envy, lust, avarice, ambition,  
 The crooked turnings to perdition.  
 One while we creep amongst the thorny brakes  
 Of worldly profits; and the devil takes  
 Delight to see us pierce our selves with sorrow  
 To day, by thinking what may be to morrow.  
 Another while we wade, and wallow in  
 Puddles of Pleasure; and we never lin  
 Dawbing our selves, with dirty dam'd delights,  
 Till self-begotten pain our pleasure frights.

*Some*

Sometimes we scramble to get up the banks  
 Of icy honour ; and we break our ranks  
 To step before our fellows : though, they say,  
 He soonest tyreth, that still leads the way.  
 Sometimes, when others justle and provoke us,  
 We stir that dust our selves, that serves to choak us ;  
 And raise those tempests of contention, which  
 Blow us beside the way into the ditch.  
 Our minds should be our guides : but they are blind,  
 Our wills out-run our wits, or lag behind.  
 Our furious passions, like unbridled jades,  
 Hurry us headlong to th' infernal shades.  
 If God be not our guide, our guard, our friend,  
 Eternal death will be our journeys end.

### Engines.

**M**En often find, when nature's at a stand,  
 And hath in vain try'd all her utmost strength ;  
 That Art, her Ape, can't teach her out an hand,  
 To pierce her powers with to a full length.

And may not grace have means enough in store,  
 Wherewith to do as much as that, and more ?

She may : She hath engines of ev'ry kind,  
 To work what Art and Nature, when they view,  
 Stupendious miracles of wonder find,  
 And yet must needs acknowledge to be true ;

So far transcending all their pow'r and might,  
 That they stand ev'n amazed at the sight.

Take but three instances ; faith, hope, and love.  
 Souls help'd by the perspective glass of faith  
 Are able to perceive what is above.

The reach of reason : yea, the Scripture saith,  
 Ey'n him that is invisible behold,

And future things, as if they'd been of old.

Faith

# 66 THE STNAGO GUE.

Faith looks into the secret Cabinet  
Of Gods eternal Councils, and doth see  
Such mysteries of glory there, as see  
Believing hearts on longing, till they be  
Transform'd to the same image, and appear  
So altered, as if themselves were there.

Faith can raise earth to heaven, or draw down  
Heaven to earth, make both extremes to meet  
Felicity and misery, can crown  
Reproach with honour, season sowre with sweet.  
Nothing's impossible to faith: a man  
May do all things that he believes he can.

Hope founded upon faith can raise the heart  
Above it self in expectation  
Of what the soul desireth for its part:  
Then, when its time of transmigration  
Is delay'd longest, yet as patiently  
To wait, as if it were answer'd by and by.

When grief unweildy grows, hope can abate  
The bulk to what proportion it will:  
So that a large circumference of late  
A little centre shall not reach to fill.  
Nor that, which gyant-like before did strut,  
Be able with a pigmeys pace to hold out.

Hope can disperse the thickest clouds of night,  
That fear hath over-spread the soul withal,  
And make the darkest shadows shine as bright,  
As the Sun-beams spread on a silver wall.  
Sin shaken souls Hope anchor-like holds steady,  
When storms and tempests make them more than  
(giddy.

Love

## THE SYNAGOGUE. 67

Love led by faith, and fed with hope, is able  
To travel through the worlds wide wilderness;  
And burdens seeming most intollerable  
Both to take up, and bear with chearfulness.  
To do, or suffer, what appears in sight  
Extreamly heavy, love will make most light.

Yea, what by men is done, or suffered,  
Either for God, or else for one another,  
Though in it self it be much blemished  
With many imperfections, which smother,  
And drown the worth, and weight of it, yet fall  
What will, or can, love makes amends for all.

Love doth unite, and knit, both make, and keep  
Things one together, which were otherwise,  
Or would be both divers, and distant. Deep,  
High, long and broad, or whatsoever size  
Eternity is of, or happiness,  
Love comprehends it all, be't more, or less.

Give me this threefold cord of graces then;  
Faith hope and love, let them possess mine heart;  
And gladly I'll resign to other men  
All I can claim by nature, or by art.

To mount a soul, and make it still stand stable;  
These are alone Engines incomparable.

---

FINIS.

---

TO

To my Reverend Friend  
The Author of the *SYNAGOGUE*.

SIR,

I Lov'd you for your *Synagogue*, before  
I knew your person ; but now love you more ;  
Because I find

It is so true a picture of your mind :  
Which tunes your sacred lyre  
To that eternal quire ;  
Where holy *Herbert* sits  
(O shame to prophane wits !)

And sings his and your Anthems, to the praise  
Of him that is the first and last of days.

These holy Hymns had an Ethereal birth :  
For they can raise sad souls above the earth

And fix them there  
Free from the worlds anxieties and fear.

*Herbert* and you have pow'r

To do this : ev'ry hour

I read you kills a sin ,

Or lets a virtue in

To fight against it ; and the Holy Ghost  
Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost.

This holy war, taught by your happy pen ,  
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men  
Neglect our arms ;

We are circumvested with a world of harms.

But I will watch, and ward ,

And stand upon my guard ,

And still consult with you ,

And *Herbert*, and renew

My vows, and say, well fare his, and your heart ,  
The Fountains of such Sacred Wit and Art.

*Iz. Wa.*





To his Ingenious Friend,  
 The Author of the *SYNAGOGUE*,  
 UPON HIS  
 Additional *Church - Utensils*.

SIR,

**S**O the cheap Touch-stone's bold  
 To question the more noble gold;  
 As I, at your command,  
 Put forth my blushing hand  
 To try these Raptures, sent to my poor Test;  
 But since your Question's, Are they like the rest?  
 I say they are the best:  
 That once conceiv'd, the other is confest.

But Sir, now they are here,  
 For to prevent a female jeer,  
 Thus much affirm I do,  
 They'r like the father too;  
 And you like him whose sublime paths you tread,  
*Herberts!* to be like whom, who'd not be dead?  
*Herberts!* whom when I read,  
 I stoop at stars that shine below my head.

*Herberts!*

*Herbert!* whose every strain  
 Twists holy Breasts with happy Brain;  
 So that who strives to be  
 As elegant as he,  
 Must climb mount *Calvary* for *Parnassus* Hill;  
 And in his Saviours sides baptize his Quill;  
 A Jordan fit t' instill  
 A Saint-like stile, back'd with an angels skill.

He was our *Solomon*,  
 And you are our *Centurion*;  
 Our Temple him we owe,  
 Our Synagoge to you:  
 Where if your Piety so much allow  
 That structure with these ornaments t' endow,  
 All good men will avow,  
 Your Syn'gogue, built before, is furnish't now.

J. L.

---

SIR,

---



SIR,

**W**Hile I read your lines, methinks I spy  
Churches, and Church-men, and the old Hie-  
(rarchy,

What potent Charms are these ! You have the knack  
To make men young again, and fetch time back.

I've lost what was bestow'd on *Fudab's* Prince,  
And am now where I was thrice five years since.

The mid-space shrunk to nothing, Manners, Men ;  
And Times, and all look just as they did then.

Rubbish and ruin's vanish'd, every where  
Order and comeliness afresh appear.

What cannot Poets do ? They change with ease  
The face of things, and lead us as they please.

Yet here's no fiction neither. We may see  
The Poet, Prophet ; his Verse, Historie.

*Jan. 1. 1654.*

*A. S.*

---

**F I N I S.**